

Understanding Desire

by SpaceshipsAreCool

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Summary: There have been several posts floating around tumblr about the tattoo that Kara has in the comics, and this tattoo!kink one shot is the result.

Understanding Desire

This was bad, this was so very bad, this was so€|

It wasn't Cat's fault, this reaction, Cat could hardly be expected to know about the tattoo between her shoulder blades. Cat couldn't be expected to know that the mark, printed with a special ink that reacted to touch, that the mark was more sensitive, more _stimulating_ than other areas of Kara's body.

Cat couldn't know that the reason Kryptonians received these marks when they turned thirteen was because it had been so long since it had been normal to marry for love, and not power or political gain, so long since sex and want had been mixed into relationships, and so long since Kryptonians were actually drawn to their partners for any reason other than business, that the scientists of Krypton had had to find a way to actively cultivate desire.

Cat couldn't know that these tattoos were designed to work around the established Kryptonian marriage system, designed to find a way to identify compatible matches in the hope that, as a people, they could once again return to natural births. That, until Kal-El, there hadn't been a natural birth on Krypton in generations, and that it was having a negative effect on their culture and society.

Cat couldn't know that the ink in the tattoos was connected to a neural interface, reading the wearers brain chemistry, watching and learning how the wearer reacted to certain people, discovering what it was that fostered desire in each person.

Cat couldn't know that without that mark, they wouldn't realize, not without help. Years of genetic manipulating and coding had altered them, slightly, years of wanting to be able to marry off daughters and sons to make good political matches had led to a race of people who were genetically predisposition not to notice their own attraction, not to understand what their own sexual cravings, needs, were. And even though Kara had grown to maturity on Earth, even though she could see it all around her, see other people falling in love, see them exploring different sexual preferences, she herself was not immune to the genetic blindness. Kara was not immune to the defect that made her people so very unaware of what they wanted, of who they wanted. Kara was not immune to the predisposition not to recognize attraction, not to understand desire.

Cat couldn't know that by touching Kara like this, she was triggering that reaction, triggering the neural interface to override the blocks in Kara's mind, to override everything that had made her unaware of what she wanted.

Cat couldn't know that, because how could she know? How could she know that until this moment Kara had never felt anything like this before. Well, she must have felt it, in her own way, because if she hadn't, if her body and mind hadn't already been reacting to Cat, if Kara hadn't already been responding to her, then she wouldn't be responding now. She wouldn't be struggling to keep her breath slow and even, to keep her hands from shaking. She wouldn't be struggling to hold herself still as the slow brush of fingers across her mark sent heat spiraling through her body, awakening a craving in her, something she did not fully understand, but desperately did not want to give up.

Cat couldn't know that for however long Kara had been reacting to her, that the neural interface in the ink had been searching for the person who was causing the change. Cat couldn't know that by casually reaching down, leaning over the back of the chair where Kara was perched, by placing her hand on Kara's back to steady herself as she used her other hand to point out something on the papers in Kara's hand, that she was causing Kara to be aware of her desire for the first time.

And Cat couldn't know that, even through the fabric of Kara's cardigan, the ink of the tattoo was recognizing who Cat was, paring her touch with the lights in Kara's brain, and that, as a result, it was making it so that the slight shift of fingers, the gentle scrap of nails, the increased heat of Cat's skin, all of that, all of that was seeping into Kara's body, making her want to cry out, even as she fought so very hard to retain her composure.

It wasn't that she didn't want this reaction, far from it, because the ink didn't just help recognize physical desire, no, it measured so much more than that. The ink was designed to tell a Kryptonian when an attraction was more than just physical, it was designed to override the blocks that had been set in place and to help them to understand what it was that they already felt. It was designed to make love possible for their race, again, and Kara wanted that, she wanted that so very much.

And she wanted that especially because it was coming from Cat Grant.

Somehow it didn't surprise her that she wanted Cat, and the idea that Cat Grant was the person she was drawn to, well, it was invigorating, enthralling. Kara didn't need to fully understand it right now to know that she didn't want to suppress the surge of wonder at that, at the knowledge that her type, her desire, was a woman like Cat Grant. Wonder, because Cat wasâ€¦ was everything, and how could she possibly _not_ want that?

And so Kara felt the pleasure of Cat's fingers against her tattoo, but she also felt the added sensation, the added excitement, the relief that she finally had a place to start. This thing she was feeling, this _desire_, it was overwhelming, consuming, and yet, yet it was inspired by this woman, how could she possibly ever want it to stop?

She didn't. But Cat, there as no way Cat would want someone like her, her assistant. There was no way Cat would wantâ€¦

And then Cat moved her fingers again and Kara mind went blank, her body shifting back, shuddering as she curled into that touch, into that warmth, pressing back until the contact felt more solid against her body.

"Kiera?"

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Cat remembered when this had all started.

Cat remembered the exact moment, she remembered the exact second she had reached out, absently straightening Kara's collar, and at just that small movement, that small show of control, a blush had risen to the girl's cheeks. She remembered because if it had been just blush, she probably would have been fine. If it had been just that slight, adorable look, she would have been able to move on, to dismiss the reaction and continue looking at Kara as just her strange, but endearing (if infuriatingly so) assistant. She would have been able to brush it aside because it would have just been an innocent reaction, one she had seen countless times before, but not anything that called out to her, that drew her back. Not anything that could have inspired her current obsession.

And she was obsessed, now. That moment had settled in her mind, an image playing on repeat every time she closed her eyes when she was at home, alone in her bed late at night. It was an image that had seeped into her mind, settling into her body, and sending sparks of desire shooting to her core every time she had looked at the girl since, every time she had seen something else, another hint that Kara wasâ€¦

Because it hadn't been just a blush. A blush was cute, yes, a blush spoke of something, an affection, but that was all. A blush by itself was without depth, it was without a dark, more hidden want, without craving or need. A blush on its own, especially on a face as young and open as Kara's, it was just that, just a blush, something that could have been inspired by a million and one things.

But it hadn't been inspired by a million things, it had only been inspired by the one. It had been inspired by the _way_ Cat had reached for Kara, the way she had moved to touch the girl without

asking permission, with such forthright control and expectation that Kara would let her, that it had almost been a claim. And so Kara hadn't just reacted with innocence to the fact that she was receiving attention from Cat, no, she had reacted to the attitude, the power. Kara had reacted to Cat, and more than that, she had reacted to Cat being Cat, to Cat being exactly who she wanted to be, to Cat being someone who took command of everything and everyone, and in that particular situation, Kara had reacted to Cat taking command of _her_.

And Cat knew that that was what Kara had reacted to, specifically, because it hadn't just been the blush, because there had been something else. There had been a hint of a soft tongue flicking out, the graze of teeth over slightly parted, inviting lips, and the shift of Kara's eyes to Cat's own mouth, a shift accompanied by a look of that _something_, barely there, but still, so very present to Cat's appraising gaze.

It had been over so quickly, but it had been enough. It had been enough because Cat's eyes had been drawn to that movement, and suddenly, irreversibly, the innocent blush had become more, the flash of teeth holding a promise of what was waiting to be unlocked in the girl. The knowledge that there was something darker, something for Cat to discover, something that the girl might not even know about herself, yet, if the fact that Kara's hadn't even seemed to realize how she had reacted, was any indication.

And that was the look that had ignited this desire within Cat, the fact that Cat's eyes had snapped up to Kara's own, after a brief, consuming stare, and that she had seen it in those eyes, the fact that Kara hadn't realized how she had reacted, hadn't quite understood what it was that her body had done, how it had betrayed her. It was the fact that Cat had realized she could have something, but in order to take it, she would have to be the one to reach for it, and drag it to the surface. It was the fact that Cat had realized that there was something in Kara that would respond to her, and that it was something that could be nurtured, broken, into the perfect form.

That, that was what had inspired her current need, inspired the nights she stayed up late, picturing that moment over and over again in her head, picturing other moments, moments that could, and would, follow. That was what had inspired her obsession, her overwhelming desire for the girl. It had inspired something in Cat that she hadn't felt this strongly for a long time, if ever. It inspired something that she did not want to give up, but even soâ€¦

Even so she had considered holding back.

She had considered holding back, considered it because of so many reasons, considered it because just because _she_ wanted the girl, that did not mean that she should take her. Just because she could take her, that did not mean that she had any right to reach for Kara, it did not meanâ€¦ and so she had held back, for a day. She had held back until Winn had looked at Kara, and Kara had laughed, and Cat had realized that it was already too late. It was too late because the idea, the thought, of holding herself back, of letting someone else have the girl? That was unconscionable, unforgivable, it wasâ€¦

Cat Grant always took what she wanted, and it didn't matter that she

had only learned of her desire the day before, it didn't matter because she could not look at Kara now without seeing that shadow lurking within her, without remembering that something in Kara's eyes, without thinking about how Kara didn't even understand it, about how Kara didn't know. Cat could not look at Kara now without feeling that utter dread, the fear, that someone else like Cat would notice it first. That someone else would see it, that someone else would be the one to harness that energy, to shape and mold it. It didn't matter that Cat had only just discovered her own desire, it didn't matter, because once she knew what she wanted, she took it.

And what Cat wanted, was Kara.

And so she had started, little touches, subtle gestures that were increasing in frequency and level of contact. The straightening of Kara's collar became a brush along her arm, which then became a grip on said arm, the tight winding of her fingers around Kara's body, straddling the line between professional and personal. She danced along that line, restraining herself slightly because she wanted to savor this, savor the process of awakening Kara, of feeling her come alive under her touch. She wanted to watch as Kara became hers, almost before the girl even knew what was happening. Cat wanted to take Kara piece by piece, until it came to that moment when the girl would finally realize what was going on, and then, then Cat wanted to watch as Kara realized that this was something that she wanted as well.

And it was working, Cat's seduction. Kara had started to respond to her more openly, if just as unconsciously, and now, when Cat touched her, Kara would move into that touch, would shift her body to bend to Cat's grip. Now Kara would instinctually move to stand just slightly closer to Cat than she ever had before, setting herself within easy grasp, making it possible for Cat to reach out and touch her, take her, at any moment. Now Kara would forget to fiddle with her glasses when she was nervous, and instead she would lean closer to Cat, and when Cat would offer a touch, Kara's body would relax, the nervous energy fading away, Cat's grip soothing her and calming her, invading her.

And now, now Kara would move just that much more quickly to follow orders, and the more Cat gave, while she was touching the girl, the more Kara's eyes would dilate, the more she would squirm, and the more her want would settle around them, almost tangible, almost something Cat could taste. And Cat so very much wanted to taste that desire.

But she couldn't, not yet. Cat was leading Kara, guiding her, awakening her, yes, but Kara still hadn't noticed. And while at first, that had been Cat's desired approach, her own want was starting to become almost too strong, and holding herself back, it was turning into a constant battle between what she wanted, and what was right for Kara.

Cat had wanted to go slowly because she hadn't wanted to scare the girl off, because she knew, _knew_, that this was what Kara needed, and Cat could not abide the thought that Kara would hurt herself by denying that need, that the girl would suppress those desires, would push them away when she realized them.

Cat went slowly because Kara needed her, Kara needed her to show her that this was ok, that it wasn't wrong, that it didn't have to be demeaning. Kara needed someone like Cat, but if Cat moved too fast, or let Kara go free, if Kara ran now the next person might not be like Cat. They might not actually care about Kara.

And that thought, that someone else would find Kara, would just take what they wanted instead of taking the time to bring out the realization slowly, that someone would just push the girl, overwhelm her without giving her time to think, to accept, that through terrified Cat. It made her want to lock Kara away from the world, to draw her close, protect her. It made her want to pull Kara towards her possessively, because Cat did care about her. Kara was special, someone to be cultivated, someone who deserved all the attention and time that Cat could offer.

And so Cat had forced herself to move slowly, her need to protect the girl holding her back. And she had been doing well, she had been going slowly, but still, still by now Kara should have realized something. How was it possible that Kara—?

And then it had happened.

Cat had noticed the change as soon as her hand had come into contact with the girl, she had noticed how Kara had stiffened slightly, how her breath had hitched and then evened out, deepened, almost as if the girl was forcing herself to breathe in a slow, methodical manner. As if Cat's touch was making her have to concentrate, just to breathe normally.

Cat had noticed because suddenly she had found that her own breath was faltering, that she too was having to struggle to breathe normally, that she herself couldn't concentrate. Cat had noticed because Kara had never done this before. When Kara's breath had faltered in the past, under Cat's fingers, the girl had never realized, never tried to hide or alter it, but now, now Kara was putting conscious thought into her reaction to Cat. Kara was thinking about how she was reacting, which meant that Kara was finally aware.

It meant that Kara was finally aware that she wanted Cat, that she wanted the kind of attention that Cat could give, that Cat wanted to give. It meant that Kara was finally waking up, and Cat had been waiting for this for so long, that there was no way for her not to notice. No way for her not to realize, for her own self-control not to waver, not to flounder, now that her prize was finally within her reach.

But what had triggered this change? What had Cat done this time, that was so different? At first Cat had thought that maybe it could be attributed to their relative positions, to the way she was towering over Kara, the way she was leaning forward, holding Kara in her power, and to be fair, that was probably part of it, but the rest?

She had started to move her fingers lazily, almost absently, over Kara's back, to trace the area between the girl's shoulder blades with light touches, noticing how the longer she did, the more she could feel the tension coil in Kara's body, the more energy she could feel build up as the girl sought to suppress her reaction. And then,

then Cat had pressed just slightly harder, had dragged a single nail down the girl's back, running her finger down that space, and Kara...

Kara had moving into her, pressing back, her fingers losing their grip on the papers and her head dropping beautifully, submissively. It hadn't lasted, that that was mostly Cat's fault, because she had been so thrown by the sudden change, the sudden surrender, that for a moment she had panicked, had thought something might actually be wrong with the girl, and she had drawn her hand away, moving quickly to stand in front of Kara as she called her name.

Kara hadn't responded right away, that first call had gone unanswered, which was when Cat had lifted Kara's face in her hands, cupping the girl's chin and pulling that gaze towards hers. That was when Cat had seen that Kara's pupils were blown, that the color of her face could no longer be considered just a blush, no, a blush was too naïve, and what Cat saw instead could only be described as flushed, a soft glow, a gleam that betrayed the darker desire that lurked, the one Cat had been waiting to bring forth.

And there had been something else as well, an awe almost. Cat had been so worried that Kara would realize what the nature of her desire was, what it was that she needed, and she would run. Cat had been so afraid of that, but right now? Kara looked confused, slightly, she probably still didn't understand entirely what it was that she wanted, but there was an excitement there as well. Cat looked into Kara's eyes and saw not fear, but curiosity, a yearning to discover what this was.

It was a look that Cat found herself responding to, a look that was pulling her in, as if she hadn't already passed the point of no return long ago. It was a look that made her heart race because she wanted that, had been hoping for it. And seeing it, she had so badly wanted to lean down, to kiss that confusion away, to bring that desire into the light. She had so badly wanted Kara, butâ€¦

And then it had been over. She had called Kara's name a second time, this time the name falling from her lips in surprise, with an almost predatory pride, a pride brought on by the sight of that expression on the girl's face, at that lack of fear. And that second call had jolted Kara out of whatever trance she had been in.

Kara had stammered out her excuse, saying that she tired, that the heat was getting to her, and Cat had pretended to accept it. Cat had let her go, but her mind had been reeling, and now, sitting here, watching Kara work at her desk in a flustered haze, Cat couldn't keep the smirk off her face. Cat couldn't keep the excitement, the anticipation, from welling in her chest and settling like liquid fire in her lower abdomen. Cat couldn't keep her hand from twitching as she planed out what she would do next, how she would approach the girl, and what she would do to fully draw out Kara's need.

She didn't know why that place, the hollow between the girl's shoulder blades was special, why it had had such a strong effect, maybe it was something to do with Kara's alien biology because yes, Cat did know who the girl was, she wasn't an idiot, but whatever it was, Cat knew that she wanted to explore it more.

But she wasn't going to push too fast, not yet, because Kara was

still discovering, and because Kara needed to know that Cat wasn't just interested in using her, that Cat wanted so much more from her. She wasn't going to push because Kara probably hadn't even realized that Cat actually wanted her back, yet, and she wasn't going to push because Kara was almost there, almost ready, but not quite.

And so she would continue to hold herself back, but not as much as she had been before. She would continue to temper her own want, but she was still going to move forward with her slow, calculated seduction. Cat would continue to restrain herself, but now, now that she knew that Kara would be so very aware of everything that she was doing, now Cat could truly begin to teach Kara about the real meaning of her desire.

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It was getting worse, harder to control, and Cat was going to notice soon, of that Kara was sure.

Cat was going to notice the way she shivered each time the woman came near, the way her breath faltered when Cat would look at her, when Cat's gaze would linger on her in that way that seemed to be almost a claim, but that Kara knew was actually just Cat being Cat.

Cat was going to notice, and Kara could not have that, because Cat's gaze, it didn't mean that same thing to the older woman as it did to Kara. It didn't, because this was Cat Grant, and of course Kara already belonged to her, of course she did, everything did. But the way Cat's eyes would move over her body meant nothing more than simple possession, it didn't mean that Cat wanted her the same way she wanted Cat. It didn't mean that Cat wanted to push her down, to devour her, to command Kara to devour her.

It didn't mean that, and so Kara had to control herself, because Cat was going to notice.

Except that no matter how hard she tried, Kara just could not stop herself. Not when Cat continued to rest her hand along Kara's tattoo, not when her fingers would dance along the mark, short-circuiting Kara's brain and making her want to cry out for the older woman. Cat was going to notice because she couldn't control herself around Cat, because she wanted Cat to be the one in control, because she wanted Cat to be the one controlling her.

She knew that now, it had all fallen together so easily, after that afternoon. It had come together perfectly, simply, and where, if Kara had been human, she might have run from this realization, might have feared her own needs, well, she wasn't human, and now that she knew what she wanted, now that she had felt desire, really felt it for the first time, she did not want it to stop. It was like a drug in her system and she wanted to let it roll over her, wanted to let to consume her, wantedâ€¦|

She wanted to kneel before Cat, in that chair. She wanted Cat to look down at her, gaze hungry and powerful, she wanted Cat to run her fingers through Kara's hair, to take hold, and to pull Kara to her. She wanted Cat to demand that she stay there, on her knees, face pressed between Cat's thighs. She wanted Cat to use her, use her lips, her tongue, her body, she wanted Cat to take everything from her, take whatever she wanted, and then, only then, only if she did a

good job, Kara wanted Cat to bend her over the desk. She wanted Cat to hold her down, to finish the job of making Kara hers as she ran her nails, her tongue, and god, her teeth, over the mark on Kara's back.

She wanted to feel what it would be like, how strong the pull would be, when Cat was not only touching the tattoo without the barrier of clothes in between, but also taking complete command of Kara. She had been a little shocked, at first, when she had realized just what it was that she wanted, but the shock had soon faded and left only excitement behind, because how could she not want it? How? When what she felt when Cat looked at her, touched her, in such a way that her possession was clear, when that feeling was so very powerful? How, when nothing had ever made her feel more special, more valued, than seeing someone like Cat Grant look at her like she wanted her, like she was worth wanting, like she was worth claiming?

Even if Cat didn't mean it in the same way, even if Cat just saw her as a valued assistant, even if there was nothing sexual in Cat's gaze, how could Kara want anything else other than to continue to belong to Cat Grant, in whatever way the woman would have her?

And so Kara had to fight to keep her responses in check, because she did not want Cat to stop. She did not want Cat to realize what she was doing to her, and to withdraw her gaze, her touch. She did not want Cat to comprehend just how far gone she really was, and to pull away. She did not wantâ€¦

Kara shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts. She needed to focus, she could let her mind roam free later, when she was home, but right now, at work, she needed to keep herself in check.

Glancing at her watch she realized that it would be a little while longer before Cat got back from her meeting, she had a little time, and an idea came into her head. She would just take a minute, just step out onto the balcony for a few seconds, just to calm herself down. She needed that, needed a moment to gather herself, and so, checking to make sure that no one was paying attention to her, Kara slipped out, pulling off her cardigan as she went so that she would be able to feel the breeze against her overheated skin, to feel the air against her body, providing a counterpoint to the sensations that she really wanted to experience.

She stood out there for several minutes, getting lost, and that, that was her downfall, because as she let the air play across her bare arms, as she adjusted her senses to block out everything except for the sensation of touch, as she focused all of her attention on just _feeling _her body, on cooling it down, she lost track of the time.

Kara didn't notice when Cat returned from her meeting slightly early, didn't notice Cat watching her, didn't hear the way Cat's heart rate sped up. She didn't see it when Cat's body language shifted, becoming, if possible, more confident, more possessive. She didn't realize Cat was even there until the woman was already behind her, until Cat's hand was already grazing her back, until she cried out because it was too late, because she was already too lost in this woman, and because she no longer had any desire to be anything else.

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It was perfect, the sight before her, perfect and Cat couldn't help the way her breath stopped momentarily, the way her tongue darted out to lick at her lips. She had been slightly annoyed when she had come back early from her meeting to see Kara's empty desk, but her annoyance had faded when she had crossed to her own desk and glanced to the side, her eyes falling across Kara, head tilted up towards the sun, cardigan missing, standing so still that Cat knew the girl was lost in her own world.

It was perfect because Cat had been right about Kara's back. She still didn't know why, and so her guess about the alien biology remained her predominant assumption, but she had seen how Kara reacted when she touched her there, how every time Kara would bend towards her, so easily, how each touch, each stroke, had made the girl hers by just that much more.

It was perfect, because right now, like this, Kara had no defense against Cat, and it was all too easy to cross to her, to take a moment to enjoy the sight of that vulnerability, to feel her own shiver of anticipation and she raised her hand, fingers hovering over the thin material covering Kara's skin.

It was perfect, and Cat knew that this was the moment, because right now Kara was so open and inviting, and it was time to stop going so slow. She knew because Kara, like this, Kara was too beautiful for her to ignore.

And it was perfect because the moment her fingers closed the distance and touched Kara, in that moment Kara's entire body went limp. The girl was still standing, yes, but her body gave itself over completely to Cat's touch, reacting in a way that was instinctual, in a way that was driven not only by Kara's desires, but also by the girl's acceptance of them, by her own want of them.

That acceptance manifest in the air between them, appearing in the soft cry that escaped Kara's lips, in the way the girl's head turned, even as her body stayed where it was, waiting for direction from Cat. Kara's head moving, just enough that the girl could look at her, could see her eyes to wait for an order, a command, just enough that Kara could read Cat's face.

And in reward for that, for that willingness, for that openness, in response to that for the first time Cat let her own guard completely drop. For the first time she let her face shine openly with her own desire, possession, command. Up until now she had let Kara see the possession, let Kara see that she considered the girl to be hers, but she hadn't given everything, hadn't shown her just what that possession entailed, but nowâ€|

Now she held nothing back, using her free hand to turn Kara's face towards her even more, to tilt the girl's head back, enjoying the sensation of Kara so easily letting her direct her movement. She ran the fingers of her hand over Kara's cheek, brushing across her lips, and then moved down to grace the girl's neck, wrapping around, letting her touch linger and burn. She could already see it, the soft collar she would place there, when they were alone, when it was just the two of them. She could see how the black leather would shift under every breath the girl took, she could imagine how Kara's eyes

would look, lost in need, when Cat would run her hands over that collar and take control. Cat could already picture that, had been picturing it for months, but now that it was so close, now that her hand was resting there, a placeholder until she could get something more permanent, it was impossible to keep anything about her intentions hidden any longer.

And then, finally, she saw it, saw the realization in Kara's eyes, the understanding that Cat had been coming for her. The realization that Cat had been planning this, that all this time, Cat had been leading her here, leading her to this moment. And with that realization Cat also saw something else, a fierce pride blossoming on Kara's face, a pride that made her own heart swell.

"Yes," she wanted to tell the girl, "yes, be proud, be proud that I want you, that I've spent months looking at no one else but you, that I've spent months waiting for you to be ready. Be proud that I haven't been able to look away, even for an instant. Be proud of what you are, of the power you have over me, the power no one else could even begin to hold."

She wanted to tell the girl that, but she didn't. She didn't need to and now was not the time for speaking and so instead Cat curled the fingers of the hand that was against Kara's back, and this time, as Cat's nails dug in, hard enough to mark, if Kara had been human, this time Kara didn't try to hold anything back either, and Cat felt a shiver run through Kara's entire body, saw Kara's mouth fall open, heard the soft, "please," that fell from those lips.

And that was the last straw because suddenly it didn't matter that it was the middle of the day, that someone could come into Cat's office to look for her, that someone could glance out towards the balcony. It didn't matter because Kara had asked her for something, and Cat felt her desire pull, felt herself give in, wanting to give in, wanting to show Kara that if Kara needed something from Cat, if she asked, if she begged, Cat would not deny her.

And so Cat moved her hand again, drawing a soft whimper from the girl when her fingers shifted higher, pulling away from that area of her back, but only for a moment. Only an instant because a second later Cat was grasping the zipper of Kara's dress in her hand, and slowly, slowly, she began to pull it down, a single finger trailing along the newly exposed skin in its wake. She didn't need to go far, and she held the eye contact until Kara cried out again, her body arching at the first brush of Cat's finger against her bare skin. And as Kara moved against her, Cat couldn't suppress her own gasp as her gaze fell across that mark.

The red ink of the tattoo stood out in stark contrast against the girl's pale skin, the strange markings, the alien symbols, almost seeming to glow, no, they were glowing, Cat realized. She watched, mesmerized, as the ink began to radiate light around the point where her finger was touching the girl. She watched as she traced her finger along the pattern, watched as the glow followed her movement, and Cat felt the way Kara shivered against her, head falling back beautifully as Cat added a second finger, and then a third.

"Please," it escaped from the girl again, and Cat realized Kara no longer had any residual control, and what was more, she didn't want

to have any. This was more than just Cat's touch, it was something else, that darker shadow of a need Cat had witnessed all those months ago, finally coming completely to the surface, no longer even hidden behind any false sense that it was just a one sided desire.

Cat could have kissed Kara then, could have pulled Kara's face down, could have claimed those lips as she had wanted to do for so long, but instead, instead she lowered her mouth, pausing with her lips just shy of the mark on Kara's back. She let her lips hover over the tattoo, kept them there as she took a step forward, pushing Kara until the girl was trapped, her stomach pressed into the ledge of the balcony, held in place by Cat's firm grip.

Cat let her breath play over the ink as she pressed Kara down, forced the girl to bend, her hair falling around her face as Cat moved her hand from Kara's neck, sinking it lower and maneuvering it between the ledge and Kara's body. She withheld the contact of her lips against that skin until her hand found its place, resting low on Kara's abdomen, until she could feel the muscles shift and contract as she pulled the girl flush against her.

And Cat held back one moment longer, pausing to take in the sensation of Kara so helplessly caught, before finally, finally she lowered her lips that last inch, pressing hot, searing kisses into Kara's flesh. Cat took her time, tasting the girl, moving slowly in this as she had in everything else up until this point. She took her time exploring, nibbling and sucking. She took her time discovering how the different sensations would cause Kara to writhe against her, without thought, without any ability or desire to resist. She explored how Kara's voice would change, now whimpers, now soft cries, now deep moans. She explored how everything that she did brought Kara just that much higher. She explored all of that, and every time she knew the girl was close, she would pull back, shifting somewhere else and watching in fascination as the glow of the tattoo became brighter, almost blinding.

Cat continued on, continued until Kara was begging her, continued until Kara was whimpering her name, the word spoken with complete abandon, complete devotion, complete trust. And Cat continued until her own need, spurred on by feeling Kara like this, so lost in her, became too strong and Cat felt her own hips rock forward. Cat continued until she could no longer hold back, any longer, could no longer stop herself, and then she bit down, moving with Kara as the girl cried out one last time, shivering and coming undone around her, Cat riding her as her own desperate cry escaped.

And then, only then, as Kara continued to shudder, her body still coming down, did Cat reach for Kara's hair, giving a hard tug to pull Kara's face around towards her, kissing her lips to capture that last moan, the last echo of what had just happened. And when Cat pulled back, not stepping away, not letting Kara go, but moving her head back to take in the sight of the girl, spread out so gloriously before her, she noticed that the glow was gone, but what had been red ink had shifted, changing color to green, changing into a perfect reflection of Cat's eyes.

Cat didn't fully know what it meant yet, the significance of the tattoo, but she knew that somehow, whatever it was, it was hers now. She realized that, and that knowledge settled around her heart, wrapping around her mind and body as she understood something else.

Cat understood that maybe it hadn't just been Kara who had been awakened by all of this, that maybe it wasn't just this young, beautiful girl who had needed Cat to guide her, that maybeâ€¦

That maybe Cat herself had never truly appreciated desire, until this moment. That Cat had never fully understood desire until this perfect moment where Kara was in her arms, where Kara was hers, and the evidence of that was emblazoned across Kara's skin with a tattoo that Cat knew would never fade.

****The End****

End
file.